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AN

APPEAL, &c.

AN APPEAL,

FOR THE

PUBLIC SPIRIT,

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

By CHARLES MARSH, Esq.

Of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CADELL AND DAVIES, STRAND.

Price Three Shillings.

1796.

RCGN. 1802. 11:9

Bristol: Printed by Fenley and Sheppard.

APPEAL, &c.

THERE are seasons, in which no apology can be demanded from the humblest writer, who discourses on the public affairs. His effort becomes dignified by its object. In times of real danger, when the whole zeal of the community is called for by a great and tremendous necessity, he is only discharging a debt, when he brings forward his share of contribution to the common deliberations, and assists in diffusing the sense of a just and provident alarm. In such times, indolence and inaction assume the character and complexion of a treason.

The spirit of the British nation is far from being sluggish, or inert. On most occasions, which appeal to the public feelings, it breaks out

in a generous and manly passion, which stands in no need of violent provocatives. Even when the danger has not advanced to our very doors, the ancient and habitual dread of an exorbitant power in Europe, almost characteristic of our national feelings, has been kindled into a frenzy. We have long considered the independence of countries belonging to the general system of European interests, as connected and bound up with our own. Nothing that affected their greatness, or menaced their extinction, was then foreign to us; and this high-minded sympathy in the fortunes of the surrounding states, while it made us great at home, rendered us terrible to the spirit of unjust domination abroad.

The mischiefs that now threaten us, are not of the old kind. They arise out of new relations, or rather out of the extinction of the old. The powers once connected with us by ancient and cherished alliances, have now disappeared; at least they have either voluntarily surrendered, or suffered themselves to be despoiled of every thing, that conferred on them the rank and the title of

European powers. The ambition, which has trodden them down, is now preparing to wield its undivided and consolidated energies of destruction against this country. At such a time, to complain of the deadness of the general sentiment, would answer no purpose of policy or prudence. But they who feel a strong and sincere sense of the danger, and who do not altogether despair of the public fortune, nor of the public spirit, will leave no topic of remonstrance, no appeal to the shame, the salutary ancient pride of their country untried, by which a sensation more alive to the peril, and a zeal more equal to encounter it, may be quickened and diffused.

For it frequently happens, that a certain degree of torpor hangs on the public mind, during the first approaches of a gigantic mischief: and it arises from a natural incredulity concerning the size and extent of the mischief itself. We have enjoyed so long an exemption from the insecurities, which have hung over other empires; our own prosperity has struck so deep a root, and

branched out with so much luxuriance, amidst the blights and storms, that have starved or cut off the power of other states, that we have scarcely suffered ourselves to contemplate the ordinary chances, which in the various turns and tides of human affairs, sometimes facilitate the success of the most incredible projects. By this uninterrupted security, an honest pride has been generated, which has taken so strong an hold of the greater part of us, that he who tells us that we are even vulnerable to an external enemy, speaks to an unwilling audience. This sentiment, which our great naval strength has almost habitually confirmed, and invigorated, has become a part of our natures. From this insensibility to danger, produced in truth by causes, that are honourable to our national history, and character, we are, I apprehend, disposed to treat with too much levity, the menaces of an enemy, who never measures his designs by their obvious, and demonstrable practicability. Incredulity of danger is no security against it. If it be at all allied to courage, it is at best a torpid and unfeeling courage, the tide of which always flows

beneath the level of the necessities, that require it. It will neither promote, nor sustain a spirit of generous enterprize. It is a lifeless and dull feeling, which may make us proud but not secure; which may sooth the national vanity, but which cannot assist the public defence; and, what is more to be dreaded, in the hour of impending evil, may take the lead of that wakeful, and solicitous sentiment, which is all life, and all vibration; and which even in courage itself, is not dead to a restless, and awful perturbation.

I do not rightly understand the sort of patriotism, which affects to deny the existence of the danger, and seeks to diffuse its mischievous incredulity. This singular wisdom, which makes those who hold its language unmoved in the general alarm, must be derived from oracles, to which vulgar access cannot be had. But, giving them credit for good intentions, their wisdom is of yesterday. They do not seem to know the times, on which they are fallen. Their judgments are too slow, to keep pace with the rapid march of the events, that are hastening upon us. Do they

imagine, that political prudence is made up of the same maxims, which heretofore governed the world? Do they reason concerning the present struggle, which we are now beginning, after the rule, and the precedent of former contests with France, as France was then constituted, and then governed? The dimensions, and size of the grand revolutionary danger, obscuring the whole political horizon, is of too large a bulk, to be measured by such contracted and minute optics. Amidst the first preparations to meet this gigantic, and portentous monster, let us not forget that most important precaution, to comprehend clearly and fully the species of enmity, with which we are to encounter; to lift up our minds to the contemplation of a new physical and moral mischief, which the imagination of man can scarcely grasp, and to be ready against the approaches of that, which is no shadow of the unreal world, but a living substance, full of activity, zeal, and strength. History and experience, the lamps of human life, can lend us no aid to appreciate, and estimate the dangers, that hang over us. Among the refinements of the civilized world, the fashion

of war itself has been improved. National enmities have been softened, and the mode of pursuing the conflicts, which burst out between nations, has been so much mitigated, that we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe, that in the heart of modern Europe, there could exist a nation of universal and savage invaders; holding all the maxims of civilized warfare in contempt, and spreading in the march of their insolent conquests, devastation and ruin, in their worst and newest forms. We have read of the expedition, which the unholy zeal of foreign persecution once destined against our shores. We have heard of the thumb-screws and bilboes, and the other instruments of inventive torture, with which the ships of that celebrated Armada were freighted. We have escaped the fangs of those saintly inquisitors; but our shores are now menaced with a more deadly pollution. Compared to the purposes of this new expedition, the schemes of the Spanish tyrant were those of justice, and mercy. The legions of France fight for no superstition, but against all religion. They are disciplined by early institution, to the derision of its very name;

to the persecution and hatred of all, who hold the laws of God or man in reverence. This is the enmity, which they have sworn against us. They have sworn it, on the only altars tolerated in that profane territory ; those, on which the vows of hatred, bitterness, and deprecation, are offered up. In the long story of national conflicts, or of human ambition, no similar example can be found of a military people, trained by systematic and severe discipline, to the arts of destruction, and directing all the forces of an inordinate, and mischievous power, to the erection of a dominion, which can only be built on the extinction of all the august institutions, ancient laws, and respected usages, of the countries, they overrun.

I have heard, that there is another cause of torpor, and indifference, in the present crisis, which I cannot believe to be of very general operation, on a public mind, like that of England. I mean, a disposition to be more alarmed at the privations, and personal sacrifices, requisite for the present exigencies, than at the evil itself, gigantic as it is, which has already subdued the rest of Europe, and

whose dark, and gloomy shadows have almost projected to our own shores. There is something not native, not truly British, in this humble, and creeping sentiment. I am incredulous, however, of the existence of such a sentiment, to any extent. Whatever portion of it may exist, I trust, that it will be shamed down by that social intolerance, which is the best corrective of low, unsocial, and mean vices, and that this fiend of cowardice and disaffection, will be exorcised, in the name of the genius of English freedom. For, were this spirit of murmuring at the inevitable burthens of the conflict, universal amongst us, the labours of him, who sought to rouse the public feeling, against a subjugation under atheists, regicides, and robbers, might well be spared. The task of the foe would be accomplished to the fullest extent of his projects, and the wildest visions of his pride, would be more than realized, not by the inevitable issue of a glorious struggle, but by the low, and paltry cowardice of those, who dishonor the arduous times in which they live, and draw sordid computations betwixt the pressures of a noble resistance, and the eter-

nal ignominy of a disgraceful submission. The first conflict, therefore, must be with that, which exists of such a spirit. It must precede that, which the common strength will carry on against the common invaders. For, as far as this infection of cowardice has spread, so far has the worst, and most malignant part of the evil advanced; so far, have the purposes of the enemy been carried on, with silence and tranquillity, in the very bosom of the country, he has destined to destruction. But I can hardly conjecture of what clay, these wretched creatures are made, whom the documents, multiplied every day before their eyes, of the oppressions to which they are condemned, cannot rouse, and enlighten to a love of their country; documents spread before them in the degradation, and misery of those countries, who have not once smiled, nor lifted up their heads, since they handled the poisoned gifts of French alliance, or bowed beneath the yoke of French ambition. The only speech, through which Providence communicates with man, is that of events. These are the characters of light, inscribed on our walls. They are something worse than fools,

that shut their ears against their instructions. The mischief that threatens us is not in the dark; it walks in the noon-day. What inventive sketches are required, to exhibit representations of that condition, lower than servitude, and to which nothing short of an high, unconquerable, and superstitious dread of the enemy can oppose an effectual security? The living scenes are around us. We may hear the groans of the wretched countries, whose bowels have been raked out, by the haters of human kind.

Amidst these aspects of things, the people of this country must look around for the means of defence, and instruments of safety, which are permitted to them. These cannot be too assiduously placed before their eyes. In the first class of these, I cannot forbear to place that, which in the enumeration of our physical and moral aids, it would be a sort of impiety to postpone; the justice of the cause itself, into the vindication of which, we are provoked. Not the mere cause of our own empire, and its dependencies, although these comprehend interests almost infinitely varied and ex-

tensive ; not the cause, which the intoxication of national pride, sometimes distends into the cause of the world ; but undeniably, the cause of that remaining portion of ravaged, and dismembered Europe, which the vicissitudes of human things have rendered the last depository of the old institutions, of the sacred privileges, and the social affections of the civilized world.

Rightly to appreciate the nature of the quarrel, to which we are parties, and to take a distinct view of its principles, and its purposes, will lay the foundation of a sober and provident policy concerning it. It will prevent us, (an object of anxious precaution in the beginning of a long struggle) from confounding it with any subordinate, and inferior point of litigation. Above all, the magnitude of the mischief with which we are threatened must not be intercepted to our eyes, by any transient cloud of petty, and minute danger. The real character of this most inexpiable contest must be fully understood. Their's is an idle industry, who think that they can adjust to any ordinary rule, or class, in any old tribe or

division, an huge, political portent, beneath whose weight, the pillars of the earth tremble. The speculations of those, whose minds are not dilated to its size and dimensions, are worse than inefficacious at such a moment. They will be confounded and perplexed in the modes they adopt, of averting the danger. Who is there that can dissemble from his mind, or disguise to others, the issue, involved in the contest,—the preservation or destruction of our common country; the preservation of it in the high rank, it has held among the nations of the world, with an accession of glory conferred upon it, by success in a great, and arduous conflict; its destruction, not after the lenient fashion of former times, but its utter erasure from the tablet of empires, when its wealth, and its resources shall have been sucked dry, by a hungry and rapacious banditti, the contemners of God, and the destroyers of man? They, who talk about Malta, as the object for which a few blows, as it were, are to be exchanged, occupy themselves about an object as minute and inconsiderable, in comparison with the grand purposes of such a conflict, as a small rock in an immense ocean. Our imaginations must

not descend to the very notion of compromises, or negotiations, about petty concerns. That contempt of mean helps, and little hindrances, which Hobbes defines to be true magnanimity, must be cherished among us ; otherwise, our best efforts will be a lamentable defection from the general defence, of which the presiding strength must be a confederation of hopes and interests, knit together by one common sentiment, and governed by one common obligation.

In appealing to the patriotism, which has hitherto defended the country, I am appealing to an old-fashioned sentiment, but which is out of date only with the disciples of that, which is called the modern philosophy. The worst effect of the heresies, which France has let loose on mankind, but that, which is the best foundation for her plans of universal dominion, is the total alienation they work in the bosoms of men, from the feelings and prejudices of nature. They have destroyed the social man, where they have operated, and left him a dead, stupid animal, the slave of a selfish, and unfeeling vanity. This is after the genuine

receipt of the destroyers of civil societies. Their theories are a sort of pioneers in the march of revolution; cutting away the impediments, interposed by those old habits, and social sentiments, among which the love of our country has always held the highest rank. At this crisis, one of the strong holdings of our security will be lost to us, unless the very superstition of the affection, which we owe our country, be universally diffused. The bustle, and activity of preparation, now stirring amongst us, would be unprofitably expended, unless the fury of patriotic feeling be conjured up in the community. All the oil, with which we are anointing our limbs, would be wasted on maimed and crippled gladiators, if the very soil, on which we tread, the very herb, which we bruise, are not become sacred in our estimation. If this sentiment is to be taught, before it is felt, the process will be too slow, for our deliverance. It must exist antecedently to discourses concerning it; it must be felt as a sensation, before it is submitted to as a duty. It may be quickened, and invigorated, by reasonings, by well-timed demonstrations of the necessities,

which demand it. But, it ought to take the lead of all calculation, of all calm, and deliberate disquisition. There cannot, however, under our present circumstances, be the slightest pause, or intermission in this, the pulse of the empire. For, if ever the bonds, that hold us to our country, to the charities, and the sweets, which it contains, are doubly cemented, if the natural alliance between honest men, and the land they inhabit, become more than strengthened, it is, when justice, good-faith, and honour, fight beneath its standard.

It is impossible to pass over the consideration of this moral strength, if I may so call it. It is a spirit, which, if duly invoked, buoys us up above the reach of adverse fortune. It brings into the field troops of men, each of them animated with the strength of legions. To the ordinary chances of battle in our favour, the consciousness of having our independence, and our very existence, to uphold, against men, who, at the will of an unprincipled captain of free-booters, and assassins, attempt to break, with

bloody hands, into the sanctuary of our religion, our laws, and our liberties, must contribute, more than human vigour. Some portion of this vigour was felt by France herself, on many of those occasions, when that brothel-house, she has erected in the midst of Europe, has been assaulted, for puposes, which the hope of delivering our vicinity from this common plague, justified, and made sacred. With arms in our hands, for these most hallowed purposes, we had a strength to combat with, accessory to the mere physical forces, of which they were in possession, the natural strength of an enemy, who fight for their home, and on their own shores. Yet, these attempts were made on a lawless faction, who had cast out from their legitimate country, all of what was honourable and estimable within it; usurpers of territory, which had been seized by robbers, and partitioned among traffickers in blood, and in proscription; the low, mercenary merchants in human suffering, who put up to daily auction the lives and properties of their countrymen, and filled a voracious, and hungry exchequer, by

supplies from the guillotine. Such, even with the moral right of interposition, conferred upon us by the cries of afflicted humanity, and delegated to us, as a part of the common confederation of Europe, for the common safety; such were the steep disadvantages, we had to climb, when the seat of warfare was on the shores of the hostile country. If we, in the prosecution of purposes beneficial to the whole commonwealth of nations, with the strength of moral aids, derived from the justice of our cause, experienced the impediments, thrown up against us, by the enthusiasm of a people, defending their own shores, the ramparts must be impenetrable, which the zeal and loyalty of the nation will throw up against the invading hosts of a country, stained with crimes, and bearing arms for the foulest projects of rapine and injustice. What must be conceived of the author of such an expedition, even by the slaves, who are made its instruments, and its victims? Does he expect the co-operation of proscribed, and disaffected subjects in the country, he is invading? Are his hosts strengthened by bands of the

despoiled proprietors of ancient domains, the exiled assertors of incontested rights, and the martyrs of a bloody, and ferocious revolution? What vows, warm from the heart, are offered up for the success of his impious adventure? What benedictions are implored upon the enterprize, but those, with which a debased and corrupted priesthood are not ashamed to affront Heaven itself, in the phrase of that low, abject adulation, which is always extorted, by successful villainy, from the mean, and most degraded part of mankind?

Against such an enemy, the public defence of the country will be found whole, and entire. The real strength of the nation has shewn itself, in so many demonstrations of active zeal, of willing contribution to the common defence, among all orders and classes of the commonwealth, that it would be impiety to the cause itself, to be diffident of its success. I think that I am justified in reasoning upon the integrity and soundness of the public mind, as the best and surest foundation of our hopes. It is true that there have been Jaco-

bins of the worst description within our territories; men, who have been weaned from all allegiance to their natural government, and from the other social habits and prejudices, which belong to it. But, at no period of their existence, even in the fullness of their vigour, with all their ill-directed activities, and the restless enthusiasm, which is the characteristic of their fraternity, did they constitute any considerable diminution of the general strength. The arm of the criminal law has crushed no small portion of them. Many have affected, or really experienced, a sober change of sentiment, and of manner. Many have made their peace with the government, which they conspired to subvert, by mean and hypocritical recantations. They will always subsist, however, a distinct communion, seperated from the sound, uninfected part of their country, and marked by the dishonest spots, which are the badges of their tribe. Even now, they will be known by their discourse; by the phrase, which no sense of the mildness and forbearance of the authorities, which they insulted and reviled, has taught them to suspend; a phrase which in this season of a common danger, runs in

a transverse current to the tide of popular sensations; which affects to throw the blame of rushing into hostilities, on the counsels of their own country, and with a treacherous moderation, overlooks the mean and peevish arrogance of the power, to which they have sworn all the allegiance, of which their cold and sullen natures are susceptible. It would be superfluous to hint to those, who superintend the plans adopted for the security of the realms, a vigilant distrust and caution, against whatever of an insidious contribution to the public services, may be offered by this description of persons. In times like these, the sacrifice of minute animosities, and domestic bickerings, may be demanded, as just and politic. But we are lost, if the spirit of wholesome enmity against our worst enemies, be once deposited. The altars of our country will not be lighted up with a propitious flame, unless it be fed with the fire of that immortal rancour, which glows in the bosoms of good men, against the restless, implacable, and fanatical foe, who in the hour of peril, scatters abroad, dismay, and dissentions.

There may, indeed, be many among us, who with good intentions, though under the influence of improvident and short-sighted speculations on the state of political affairs, still cry out for Peace; as if it could be procured, at any terms; as if that, which they represent to themselves as an unqualified evil, the conflict itself, could be averted by any act of humiliation, or concession. They do not consider that we have to deal with a foe, who measures out with an impartial fury, destruction on the great and the little; on that which excites his contempt, by its meanness, as well as that which is the object of his envy, by its greatness. We have had a respite from the contest, during which, it might be supposed that these gentlemen, who unfortunately at that time influenced too powerfully the public mind, must have had ample opportunities of collecting proofs of the pacific temper of the man they admire. During this interval, their most sanguine desires of peace must have been glutted. In sober, rational language, ought we to prostitute, on that tumultuous truce, the name of peace? It has indeed opened our eyes to the

inveterate, and sleepless animosity of the enemy. He who in peace itself is hostile, and whose spleen is impatient of the ordinary restraints imposed by compacts recently executed, and solemnly subscribed to; he who indecently, with all Europe the spectator of his conduct, bursts through every courtesy, belonging to the new relations, in which he had been placed, gives you a plain and sincere indication of his intentions. He tells you, that he consented to the peace, which you besought him to grant you, that he might have a little breathing-time, to respire from the long, unintermitted toil of your destruction. This silent, and slumbering warfare, is the pause, in which he recruits his strength; the season in which the serpent gets rid of its old slough, and decks itself out, in a new and vernal freshness. As to the treaty of Amiens, whatever may have been its demerits, no injury can be worked to the cause, for which we have taken up arms, that we should have been betrayed by the perfidy of one of the parties to the contract. In ordinary life, no reproach is incurred by those, who make improvident contracts, which are broken by fraud or bad

faith, beyond that of levity, or a blind and confident precipitation. In the present litigation, the ballance of pacific dispositions will appear to the whole world, to be in our favour. Improvidence, and some degree of temerity, are faults incidental to benevolent dispositions. Whatever effects the conclusion of that peace may have had on our resources, and on our means of renewing the contest, it must place us in the eyes of all Europe, on an high moral eminence. If the reputation of having acted with the distrustful cunning of expert jugglers in political science, and being awake to the tricks, and frauds, of which we are the dupes, be denied to us, we are only convicted of that, to which we shall not be very eager to enter a plea, of sincere, though frustrated dispositions, for the restoration of peace to the world. At such a moment, we must abstain from these painful retrospections, and bend ourselves to the diligent consideration of the means, placed in our hands, by which, under Providence, the mischief may be averted. The clamours of internal dissentions will deafen us to the noise, that is thundering at our gates.

It is no trifling accession of strength, which is derived from the clear and unerring demonstrations in our favour, with which the enemy himself has so abundantly furnished us. It is not, indeed, numerical force, which we attain from it. But it is life; it is animation; it is that invincible strength, which always is to be found, where justice, and good-faith take your side in the quarrel; and when the defence of your honour, and your dignity, as well as of your lives, and your properties, has been impiously, and perfidiously provoked. Your part is sustained before the whole applauding theatre of Europe. The decent, comely gestures, with which you enter into the conflict, are placed in correct contrast to the intemperate, and tumultuous movements of the state-buffoon, against whom you are contending. Silent comparisons are drawn betwixt the meek and dignified avenger of wrongs, and insults; and the fretful, moody adversary, whose passions give him counsel, and whose blows are dealed out by his fury. This secret sympathy in your fortunes, this suppressed approbation, this stifled benediction, of your cause, while it invigorates

your efforts, may lay the foundation of a common consent of zeal, and activity in its support, whenever an occasion shall present itself to the humbled, and afflicted members of the European confederacy, to redeem themselves from the "oblivious pool," on which they are fallen. For the present, it can have no other effect, but that of binding down the immediate parties to the suit, to a more cordial combination, and a stricter union, in the grand, and holy purposes of their confederation.

They, who talk this absurd discourse, concerning the impolicy of the war, as if a choice of war and peace had been ever permitted to us, cannot deny the elaborate proofs of hostility, which the adverse power exhibited, during the whole of that interval, which goes by the name of peace. When I call such a state of things, a peace, I cannot but lament the penury of language, which affords no correcter term for a state, betwixt hostility, and quiet; a state, which knows neither tumult, nor repose. Never, in any period of British history, was there a truce, or

peace (whatever name belongs to it) so hostile, and acrimonious in all its symptoms. There have been periods of war, in which much less of avowed enmity has been felt by both parties, than that, which has appeared without disguise in this time of peace, in all the procedures of the French power. Such a friend gives you a strong hint of what he is likely to be, when he is made your enemy. There is a war of the will, of the soul, of the affections, when the war of troops, and navies has subsided. Did this war ever subside? Did the flame, covered thinly over with embers, ever expire? What respite ever enfeebled the zeal, or relaxed the industry of Bonaparte, in his toil of hatred? Such minds can never become indolent, or lukewarm in the execution of bad projects. They have appetites, which the very food that they devour, quickens, and stimulates. The ministers of ill would be traiterous, and unfaithful to the office, to which their allegiance has been sworn, unless their zeal was uninterrupted, and immortal. They would lose the attachment of the subordinate instruments of their designs, by withdrawing enterprizes of

murder, or of rapine, from their familiar contemplation. In any long pause from mischief, the sentiments of nature might return to their hearts, and the sensations of humanity enervate them for a renewal of the scenes of blood, and of plunder, to which they have been disciplined. The virtues, by which military usurpations are upheld, languish, and sicken in an interval of peace. For this reason, during the deceitful calm, which was ushered in by the treaty of Amiens, every thing was done to preserve and to perpetuate a deep and implacable hatred of England, among the wretched slaves of that wicked domination. Nothing was forborn of effrontery and falsehood in libels; nothing of provocation, and indignity in menace; nothing was omitted, which might wound our pride, or render us contemptible in the eyes of those, to whom, according to their representations, we had sued for the peace, their mercy, and forbearance had conceded to us. This was industriously done, through the organs of their enslaved press, proverbially licentious, and servile; which expended all its feeble strength on every thing that was vir-

tuous, and respectable in Europe, and hired its existence by mean adulations of the power, whose hand it licked, and beneath whose sway it trembled. The conductors of these engines of stupid falsehood, knew, that the only price, at which they could bribe their Mæcænas to tolerate their sordid occupation, was the surrender of their consciences, to the purposes of carrying on open war with truth, and with virtue.

Nor was it on the public mind of France only, that this war of accusation and invective, offensively waged against us, before a pen was drawn in our defence, was to have its effect. The chief policy, to which this virtual breach of faith, this moral violation of treaty, was to be subservient, was that of degrading us in the public opinion of the great commonwealth of Europe. It was to cut off, preventively, our means of forming new alliances, or of reviving the old ones, against the horde of regicides, robbers, and atheists, under a military usurper, by throwing upon us, the protectors of the world, the guilt of a restless ambition, and of unjust designs against the

common interests. Much as the ruler of that wretched country owes to the fortune of his arms, he is not insensible to the auxiliary strength of a public opinion, in the surrounding nations. In his way, and after his fashion, he has himself wooed it. Not that he feels a sensibility to its charms, from the love of right, on whose side it ought only to be found, but that when he has deluded it to his purposes, it is subsidiary to his ambition; it makes its very victims the purveyors to his rapacity, and the active accomplices to their own destruction; while it gives a theatric disguise to the profligacy, which secretly subverts, or openly assaults the public independence. He had a key, too, to the weak, and corrupt part of Europe, in that avarice, or envy, which has long rendered them indisposed to a nation, whose wealth had augmented itself amidst the general ruin, and whose prosperity, they foolishly imagined, was built on the impoverishment, and insecurity around it. The mean, and avaricious part of our natures is always the most vulnerable. Through this avenue, he entered, and while he planted an enmity against Great Britain, the

fulness of whose wealth had so long diffused aliment to the whole circle of countries around it, he laid the beginning of their fall, and subversion. In pursuance of this insidious policy, the time, gained by this mockery of peace, was improved, to render the name of Great Britain odious, and suspected in the European world ; to represent her commercial pre-eminence, the natural fruit of liberal, and enlarged habits of commercial polity, to be an injurious monopoly, and her superiority at sea, to be built on the annihilation of rights, which required only to be asserted, and enforced by those, who might be interested in their renovation. Every publication, from that of M. Hauterive, down to that of the lowest scribe in the pay of their government, required the stamp of its hostility to England, as a sort of preliminary to its *imprimatur*. In this manner, were the most disgusting, unfounded calumnies against British feeling, and British honour, and British faith, reverberated. All of them had the authority of official licence, because, in that nation of freemen, no paper could be circulated,

no book read, unless it spake in sympathy with the views and inclinations of the government.

We, the patient despisers of these outrages, opposed neither remonstrance, nor complaint to these long, uninterrnitted indignities. Not only did they infamously revile the character of the British nation, but the sacred and venerable magistrate, at the head of it, was insulted, and ridiculed. To such a finished perfection in falsehood had they arrived, that the attempt against the life of the being, who is called their Chief Consul, one of those attempts, which are a part of the price, at which guilty greatness is purchased, and which, in truth, are only the natural fruits of their national institutes of murder and violence, was imputed to the machinations of an eminent man here, and an enlightened statesman, and lover of his kind. They thought by that accusation, to convict the whole people of England, of that, from which no country, from habitual feeling, from hereditary, long-cherished sentiments of virtue, and the perpetual influence of good example, is so superstitiously abhorrent.

They were well aware, in a state, constituted like this, that the best benefactions, with which good men adorn their country, are not statues, nor temples, nor public gifts; but the wholesome beneficence of elevated, and stern sentiments of justice, and of honour, and of examples, exhibited to them, of virtuous and dignified feelings, which, descending from high place, and eminent rank, refresh, and fructify all that is beneath them. Through those, therefore, whom the people of England deservedly held in high estimation, they sought to traduce our ancient, national character, of which, a scrupulous dread of bloodshed, and a reverence for human life, even to superstition, is the characteristic feature; and to tell the world, that those, who have, in so great a measure, the moulding, and fashioning of our public morals, were preceptors of murder, and assassination.

Such was the commencement of the war carried on under the shadow of peace. We heard with silent dignity these platoons of ribaldry and invective; or answered them by fair and manly recrimination. But on their part, they were some-

what more sensitive. Recrimination was not to be allowed us. A complete monopoly of reproach, was to be conceded to them, as an indispensable condition of their sustaining a little longer their part in the relations of this singular amity. That which is called the liberty of the press in this country, is of somewhat doubtful advantage. The press is too much the instrument by which the public feeling is made, rather than the organ which communicates it. On this account, the passions of the writers are frequently impressed on the public mind, and a perversion given to its judgments, which every moderate and thinking man must frequently have lamented. Yet with all its imperfections, we are contented that it should be tolerated amongst us, subject to our own police, and magistracy, rather than to the inquisitorial prohibitions of Talleyrand, or Fouchè.

At this time, our public papers, whose chief province is that of publishing and commenting on that, which is acting, and suffering in the theatre of Europe, could not have been wholly unobservant of the French procedures. Fraud and rapa-

city, murder and imposture, whether they fall within the cognizance of the Old Bailey, or whether they are committed on the wider scale of nations and empires, fall necessarily beneath their animadversion. When, therefore, it became a public matter of surprize and indignation, that the very power with which England had lately entered into the most solemn engagements, was practising every variety of trick, of extortion, of open violence, of breach of faith and of treaty, despoiling monarchs of their territories, pulling down and setting up governments, they could not suffer such transactions to happen without comment, since they illustrated the views and character of the man at the head of the people, with whom we had concluded a recent negotiation.

But this liberty of observing upon the passing events of the world, without which human reason is mute, and human discourse an idle prerogative, was a privilege, which he who represents the will of France was not disposed to leave us. Having erected a sort of inquisition over all the governments around him, he was to be allowed the exer-

cise of unbounded animadversion, subjected to no rule or limitation, prescribed by good sense, or modesty, or truth; and certainly not justified by any act of doubtful faith, or want of moderation, or criminal ambition, on the part of Great Britain: while we were prohibited even to record, or as we recorded, to comment upon the acts of unprovoked cruelty, and lawless despotism, of which we could not be indifferent spectators, and of which we might ultimately be the victims. In this commerce, the balance of enmity, of invective, and calumny, was to be entirely in his favour. Modest complaint, the recommendation of mutual abstinence from this irritating scuffle of words, would not have been disregarded. Nothing of this. He sends a lofty and verbose letter, intimating that the whole law and police of the country, as it affected the liberty of the press, should be changed. We did not accede to this signification of his mighty pleasure. We refused to put out the only eye, that was awake to his enormities, because he was fearful of its vigilance. We were not infected with the fashionable contagion of subjecting our wills, our inclinations, and our usages, to a foreign power,

which was itself the slave of the worst caprices, and which had taught the world, by much experience, that no concession could purchase any thing beyond a precarious abstinence from fresh, and more insolent demands.

In the tone of a dignified firmness, we refused to listen to his reiterated applications, that we should withdraw our protection from those Frenchmen, who had found a secure and tranquil asylum in our dominions. The demand itself afforded a new document (if any new one were required) of the dispositions of a government, which imposed the foulest violation of faith, and the most flagrant contempt of national honour, as one of the conditions of its short-lived, and treacherous amity. Wisely did we consider, that public faith, which is one of the chains, by which the civil, and social world is held together, solemnly, and irrevocably pledged, to those martyrs of the universal cause of nations, as a price too great for the doubtful securities of his friendship. They had been driven, by the successive storms of faction, which have desolated their ruined coun-

try, on our shores. Their first claim to the refuge, we afforded them, was that of persecuted, and plundered exiles. That claim had been strengthened by their meritorious contribution of steady attachment to the principles of moral, and social order; by a zealous participation of danger, and suffering for the common safety of the world; and, above all, by the pity, mingled with respect, which a great nation feels for the last reliques of ancient institutions, of venerable rank, and exalted character. We did not, therefore, surrender them, as bribes of offended power. We had too high a sense of honour, meanly to deprecate its wrath, by giving them up as victims to a cruel, and trembling despotism, which looks for its own safety in the extinction of the last remains of those, on whose ruin, and indigence its guilty, and splendid power is established.

Such were the pacific dispositions of the master of the French territory. The whole of this interlude of hostilities was full of menace, of unjust crimination, and insolent indignity. I purposely omit, in this rapid enumeration of aggressions, the

dispute concerning Malta. The war had in effect, in spirit, in purpose, been begun long before the demands relative to Malta had conferred upon it, a formal and nominal origin. It had begun, in outrageous insults on the representative majesty of the country, in the person of our ambassador. It had unequivocally revealed itself in that public declaration, which was made to the assembly, which is called the legislative body, when in that masquerade of a senate, we were held out an impotent, enfeebled nation, unable to resist the overwhelming force of French arms, as soon as it should please the conqueror of the world, to withdraw from us the sun-shine of mercy, in the deceitful beams, of which, we were for the present permitted to bask. They who seek for stronger proofs of this latent war, may be inclined probably to doubt concerning the good faith, and pacific spirit, of sending deputations of military spies to take the soundings and harbours of a friendly country. But whether considered collectively, or singly, they are testimonies, which no sophistry can evade, which no understanding, however stupified by an admiration of French procedures, can

resist, of that implacable hatred, and restless animosity, which neither peace, nor concession, nor purchases of temporary quiet by mean condescensions, can soothe, or conciliate.

Why have I gone over the disgusting ground of provocations and insults offered to this country? I have adverted to them, that in the beginning of an awful battle, it may be perceived that it is an hostile spirit, endued with great and terrible powers of mischief, with which we have to encounter; and that the quarrel cannot be appeased by petty concessions, and paltry compromises. Peace such as it is, of the same family, as the truce from which we have just delivered ourselves, may be purchased. The price is fixed. That price is Malta. But in this game, Buonaparte will be too dexterous a player not to draw you in for larger stakes, till the whole stock of submission, and of concession, be entirely exhausted; till you have nothing left but an enfeebled, precarious, tributary existence, which will for ever hang upon his forbearance. *Positâ luditur arcâ.* Every error, in the present crisis, will be more than mischievous. But the error, against

which the most jealous precaution is necessary, is that, which disposes us to minute and contracted judgments about the causes of the hostility. It is a long, inveterate hostility; which works its way in seeming concord, as well as by hostile irruption. It is not accidental to the power, which cherishes it; it is inseparable from its very constitution; it is one of the conditions of its existence. The greatness, that is near it, that is before its eyes, the prosperity, the civil happiness, the beneficial laws in its neighbourhood, are sufficient pretexts for hostility, and perpetual sources of hatred; against the only country, which stands a monument of independence, amidst the wide waste of oppression, and servitude around it; the only people, whose unbroken valour, and stubborn strength, are left to dispel the delusions, which have persuaded the man, who holds an usurped rank among the gods of the earth, that his arms are invincible.

Concerning the leader of this expedition, which is to let loose upon our shores, a host of military ruffians, educated to every licence, and outrage of

conquest, and barbarians in every thing, but their discipline, there can be but one uniform discourse, and sentiment. Should timid, and imperfect plans of policy, or internal defections from the cause of the country, or minute, and inadequate views of the danger, impede the progress of that universal, and pervading enthusiasm, which is our only safety, in these once happy realms, are preparing a rich banquet for his voracious, and unsated malignity. If Great Britain has been honoured with a priority in the date of his vengeance, it requires no effort of the imagination to conceive that the merciless ingenuity of the captain of this nation of plunderers will make up, in the modes of inflicting it, for the tardiness of its accomplishment. In the other countries, he has invaded, the task was comparatively easy. There was nothing so marked, or so distinct in the features, and character of their governments, to require a very elaborate process of ruin, or as not to be easily susceptible of a speedy assimilation to what he wished them to become. Plunder, rapine, and murder; disarming of the military force of the conquered country, and filling it with

garrisons of his own devouring, and famished troops, were all the preparations, which effected the revolution. There was little to be done by this industrious scene-shifter of governments. Here, however, he will find a government, the dissolution of which will exercise, and keep in activity his genius for destruction. It will be a work of time, to decompose institutions, which have silently grown up, and expanded with the wants, and the necessities of the people; which, for a long series of years, have mutually infused, and grown out of their habits, and in their various forms, and operations, associated themselves to the discordant, and varying prejudices, and feelings of those, whom they protect. This, the first radical strength of civil government, which is seated in the affections of its citizens, has received vigour, and confirmation in the enlightened, sober principles, that have controlled its administration; in the personal characters of its functionaries, in the public love of virtue, and of justice. The monarchy, which is not only the fundamental law, but the cherished habitude of the nation, has derived a still stronger holding

from the private virtues of the magistrate, who adorns it; and the affections of a happy people, blending in an harmonious union with the laws, to support, and uphold his throne. These are the roots of our sacred constitution, that have struck deep into the soil of our country. Before he conquers us to his resemblance, as well as his dominion, the work of devastation must be operose and progressive. The violence of his instruments, therefore, must be proportioned to the stubbornness of the materials, he has to work upon. Among the tools, and instruments, in the chest of this great workman, murder, and proscription have the first place, and order assigned them. They have been sharpened for different occasions, and he has acquired skill, and steadiness in the use of them. He is no longer a raw disciple, whose hands tremble, or whose eyes wink at bloodshed, in its most savage forms. Proscription, sudden indigence, famine, exile, all the varieties of human wretchedness, these are the followers of his camp, and the companions of his progress. Covered with the blood of Switzerland, and fresh from the

destruction of Hanover, this undertaker of governments, this server up of funerals to mangled and butchered nations, has already taken the measure of the British carcase, and adjusted its dimensions to the grave, which has swallowed up Spain, Holland, and Italy. On the day of that fatal conquest (to be averted by our earnest prayers, and our most furious exertions) will ensue scenes of unbridled, military rage, which no conqueror ever yet let loose on an invaded country. All the cruelties of Marius, all that the merciless genius of Sylla ever invented, will, after that day, become soft, and mitigated, in the colours of the historic page. They will be thrown into a dark shade, and distant relief, by the grand and gigantic horrors, which will stand out embossed in the tablet.

Imagination itself must not be restrained, in the contemplation of such scenes; though the delicacy of good taste be violated by the portraiture. The rules in criticism, which require a sober chastity of description, are out of place, when applied to the delineation of the contingent,

and impending mischiefs, which are already on their journey to meet us. Here, the conjecture of man, on its wildest wing, will be outstripped by the event itself, when it arrives; and fancy, with all its infinite and boundless creation, will be cold and languid in the enumeration of the real, near, and approaching evils, that threaten us. In the very neighbourhood of such horrors, it would be prudery to veil even the loathsome parts of that, which is bursting upon us. The *Medea* of this fearful tragedy must be killed before the people. It is no fiction; but the prophetic vision of events, hastening to their parturition. Can I imagine, then, the invading army of Buonaparte triumphant in the island, in an hour of ill-omened discord, or effeminate resistance, or a mean dread of great sacrifices on the part of us, whom God has constituted the arbiters and rightful lords of these fertile lands; can I imagine this, and figure to myself a day of moderated, restrained carnage? There will be a sort of order, and regularity in murder, which will heighten its horrors. Nothing, that is great, or venerable, in high, and

august rank, will receive even the doubtful mercy of a respite. The bloody hands of those rebels to God, and to nature, will be first dipped into the sacred fountain of that respected life, which the laws, and the affections of the empire have shielded with defenceless ramparts. Next in the precedency of death, will fall his sacred consort, the pride and the example of English matrons; then, the younger branches of that venerable household. In due succession, will be butchered all, who remain stedfast to the fortunes of their martyred master, after the perfect, and finished examples of French slaughters. In the science of French revolutions, the favourite maxim is to enforce an allegiance to the new order of things, by memorable, and cruel punishments of those, who adhere to the old. Then, the tables of proscription, carefully adjusted with numerical accuracy, will mete out, as it were, their tasks to the day-labourers in the harvest of massacre. In those tables will be included all, whom an honest indignation against the destroyers of human happiness, shall at any time have incited to the public declaration of the sentiments

of our common nature, at injustice, and oppression, whether in the public councils of the nation, or in the private circles of social life; all, whose province it has been, to record the crimes of French generals, or of French armies; in one word, all, whom humour, or caprice, or vanity shall have rendered suspected in his eyes; even those, who have denied him the praises, impiously, and prodigally lavished upon him, by an affrighted, and enslaved world; all, whose honesty, like his, who refused to praise the verses of the Grecian tyrant, withholds their concurrence in the obscene Egyptian flattery of his own drunken and mad priests, the idolaters of successful fraud, and triumphant usurpation. When the sword shall have done its work, and the ministers of his low-minded, and unsparing vengeance shall respire from the toil of destruction; when all, that is really England, shall be raked out of its bowels, either by savage assassination, or by exile, or by the mysterious, and unrevealed indignities of dungeons and prisons; then, will ensue a repose, worse than death; the silence of the vilest, and most despicable servitude, on which the sun ever

shone. In place of our old, and venerable institutions, will be erected one of those uncouth, incongruous, and misshapen, military dominations, which are constructed only to legalize rapine, to introduce order, and uniformity into fraud and plunder, and to give a shape, and solidity to schemes of cruelty, and oppression. on that day, should any of us be left, who now seek to animate the strength of the country, against the worst calamity that ever impended over it; what will remain to us, when the very ruins of our country have perished, but a wretched, and anxious being; a condition, in which we shall envy those, whom the knives of the assassins did not spare to be the spectators of the public degradation, and who will appear rather to have acquired death, than to have been deprived of existence?

I am not indulging the licence of unfounded conjecture, in pushing to these consequences the successful irruption of the enemy into this country, under the conduct of the worst tyrant, the world ever saw. I derive them not from prece-

dents, furnished by the ambition of former conquerors, and ravagers of mankind. Precedent, and maxim, and experience, applied to France, and to him, who is the present master of it, are mockeries of serious discourse, and sober argument. They would have been misapplied in any period of the storm, which is called the French revolution; the periodic overflowings of whose pestilent waters, have left on the poisoned plains, every kind, and variety of noxious life; every reptile, and insect, that blights the hope of the husbandman, and sucks up the food and existence of nations. Yet through all the changes, and vicissitudes of its existence, its inherent, essential, vital principle, the mother-mischief itself has been impassive, and immortal. Its propensity to destroy, and subvert has remained the same. Whatever course the vessel has steered, whatever pilots have directed her stormy navigation, the needle of her compass has pointed to the destruction of Great Britain, with the steadiness of an unerring attraction.

Is, then, this domination less stern and ferocious to the moral eye, under the sway of

Bonaparte, than under the transient race of the Brissots, the Carnots, the Talliens, the Marats, the Robespierres, philosophers, and assassins, schoolmen, and plunderers, pedants and regicides, whose quick succession to the empire of guilt and of crimes, the memory can scarcely follow? What symptoms of mercy, of concord, or even of mitigated evil, does it at this moment exhibit, that in any corner of this populous, and under God, invincible nation, the effeminate cry for peace, with the sworn enemies of all peace; of mediation, and treaty, with the professed violators of all convention and all faith, should dare to lift itself up, amidst the awful beginnings of an high-minded courage, that already rends the approving skies with its clamours? Where have these men lived, who are still incredulous of the long plans of mischief deeply laid in the counsels of that wicked power, against which we are now to struggle. Of what texture are their nerves composed, who have courage to make another perfidious and hostile peace with France? By what pleas, and quibbles, and subtleties do they acquit Bonaparte, faithful to the designs of his predecessors in his bad office, of premeditated

treason against every independent community, and especially against this proud, and prosperous country; which, as it has taken the lead of other nations in wealth and civil greatness, so is it on that account dignified by an honourable precedency in his hatred? What witnesses will they call to his character? Will they summon the countries, whom his alliance, or his enmity has already ruined and enslaved; or rather the ghosts of those departed nations, whose very names have almost perished? Will they bring Spain to testify in his favour, and to lead up, in the faded finery, and tarnished gold of her decayed, opulence, the servile train of degraded and mendicant nations, who compose the retinue of his pomp, and are become the train-bearers of his proud, and bloated ambition? What will Holland depose for him, once our firm friend, our natural ally, whose vital juices have been exhausted by military contributions, and grievous exactions; whom they have reduced to a condition so low and despicable, that her feeble and tolerated existence is the mere mockery of national life; and who is now groaning under a subjection, in which it would be mercy to

overwhelm her in the waves from which she arose. Italy will speak to the mildness of his protection; and Switzerland, sacred from the hostile irruptions of former times, the sanctuary of a peaceful, and unambitious freedom, violated in her inmost recesses, by an army of ferocious and licentious ruffians. Hanover will tell them, after what a meek, and civilized fashion, Bonaparte wages war. Nature recoils at the finished perfection of military guilt, exhibited in the murders, and rapines, and the violations of women, their habitual practices, which the transactions of this cam f banditti so recently held up to the terror and indignation of the world.

We, the people of Great Britain, have a glorious task committed to us. We have not only to ward off by our unanimity in counsel and in sentiment, by our valour in battle, and in suffering, by our contempt of sacrifices, by our patience under burthens, the peril with which our own shores are threatened, but to awaken the prostrate nations around us from their sleep of terror, and inaction. This duty is imposed upon us by the law of self-

preservation, and by the relations which bind us to those afflicted and miserable states. By a deputation of wrongs, and of grievances, they send us an authority to interpose in behalf of the christian and civilized world, and to redeem it from the plague of an infidel and barbarous conquest. If in this honourable cause, our efforts correspond to the great interests we have at stake, the pre-eminence which we have hitherto assumed among mankind, will be conceded to us by the consent of the grateful countries, who warmed by our example, or relieved by our interposition, shall shake off the subjection, which their own fears, rather than the strength of the enemy, had imposed upon them.

For our part, though not blind to danger, we have leisure to take a calmer and more considerate survey of the hostile mischief. He, who does not see his antagonist, fights in the dark. He may be appalled by the lengthened shadow, rather than the real substance, of his adversary. What is this new creature, which the playfulness of fortune has raised up to his present elevation? Considered apart from the weak terrors which it has inspired

into that part of mankind, which is ready subdued by their fears, and which are the materials of which pride and usurpation make up their greatness, I cannot recognize in this monster, any thing which even approximates to that, which is usually called terrific among us. If great crimes, unredeemed by the slightest tint of goodness, if a constitutional insensibility to the affections, which pervade the whole confederation of man; if that courage which despises and breaks through the restraints of social feeling; if an heart that never pitied human sufferings, be the ingredients of his greatness; if on this solid and compacted mass of guilt, and insensibility his fame be built up, that must be a most wretched and contemptible creature, from which it extorts fear or reverence. Among the base part of the world, there is a mean and subdued spirit, which is propitious to the advancement of bold and unprincipled enterprize. It admires atrocious and monstrous villainies, and loves the fraud, and the knavery, which is of a larger size than ordinary. It adjusts, by a new mode of moral jurisprudence, its approbation to the greatness of the offence, without regard to its qualities, and overlooks the

kindred, by which the imposture or violence which has Europe for its theatre, is connected with the meaner and less fortunate delinquencies, which are objects of criminal punishment at the Old Bailey. But this homage, which is extorted by triumphant crime, from that weak and corrupt part of our nature, is not in the taste and manner of British sentiment. It is a sentiment, cast in the mould of that false, and spurious philosophy, which was invented for the purpose of letting loose mankind from civil and social obligations; which, by widening the circle in which the human affections were accustomed to move, into large incalculable spheres of duty, taught its disciples to forget the feelings of country, and to be dead to the charities, it comprehends. From a taste for these unnatural theories, the transition to active disaffection is short and natural. When once the claim of his own country to the first place in the order of his affections is weakened and destroyed, the man not only becomes not a patriot, but an enemy. He is then properly disciplined to esteem as heroes, the most active foes of his country, and to cherish secret sympathies, and unnatural dispo-

sitions in the fortunes of the cause, that is adverse to his own. Such admirers as these, have been the architects, much more in effect, of the fame of Bonaparte, than the great victories, and splendid devastations, which will perpetuate his name to posterity.

I know, that there is a sort of admiration which the great actions, even of the destroyers and ravagers of the world, recorded in history, almost involuntarily excite. But their ambition was of a better kind, of a more generous origin, than that of the mean usurper, that at present infests the world. It left the countries it overran, frequently in the same, sometimes in a better condition, than it found them. It was sometimes one of the instruments, by which a barbarous people were subjected to the civilized restraints, and sober discipline introduced by their conquerors. Even at the worst, there was something of dignity, and of generosity in the motive, which led to their conquests, where their avarice seldom bribed their ambition. The desolator of the modern world makes war upon ports and counting-houses. The

ambition of extended territory, is but an under workman to his love of plunder, and rapine. The great expeditions under Alexander or Cæsar, are followed with a sort of sympathy in their fortunes, because they were great men who were at the head of them. But that man must have a diseased taste, who could contemplate with delight or solicitude, a Borgia, or a Scapin, not conquerors, and legislators, but knaves, and cheats, at the head of large armies, and enduced with the mischievous powers of effecting revolutions, and subversions in the world they ravaged.

In reasoning, however, on this absurd and senseless idolatry of such a being as the hero of Jaffa, I am talking of a sentiment, which is confined to a very small part of the British community. He who works his way by poisonings, by secret assassinations, or by open murder, into greatness, cannot win from the good sense, and the cultivated moral feelings of a civilized country, any thing like respect, or admiration. The disproportion betwixt the crimes he commits, and the littleness of the means by which he commits them, must be striking

to every one. He has scarcely the merit of being carried away in the impetuous career of violent passions, into his guilt. He has crawled up to his crimes with calm, crafty deliberation, by petty steps, through little labyrinths, and subterraneous windings. If there remain any persons among us, who admire Bonaparte, they are only that unsound and infected part of us, which in its unnatural loathings of its own country, turns the whole tide of its cold affections towards those, who seek to destroy it. These, by common consent, must be excluded from the public defence, and shut out of every generous confederacy for any purpose dignified in itself, or beneficial to the human race. In this catalogue, far am I from including those of our countrymen, who lately exhibited so *eager* a desire (in my opinion inconsiderate, though not criminal) to catch the first interval of repose between the countries, the first moment of his respiring from his toil to destroy us, and to visit the theatre of such dismal and bloody atrocities. Far am I even from including in such a list, those whose less venial zeal prompted them to pollute the threshold of the royal and august presence of their

natural sovereign, that they might obtain an easier admission to the mock levee of the scorn and contempt of the rational world. Far be it from me to suppose, that they will not contribute to the strength of that defence, which nature, the love of God, and our country, cement together. They must by this time, have been cured of the seductions, which attracted them to that seat of usurped magistracy, of all vice, and all sensuality. Even those, who are the victims of that treacherous hospitality, into whose arms they threw themselves, will in their dungeons, have ample leisure to reflect on the country they left, and that which they have adopted; to draw correct comparisons between England, the land of order, and of social happiness; and France, which in every stage of her revolution, has presented to the moral eye nothing but the picture of a prison, and a sepulchre. Their eyes must be cleansed of the enchantments, that drew them from their home; and when they are permitted to return, they will rush back with the redoubted affections of truant children, into its arms.

To these fashionable visits to France, I do not seek to attach any thing criminal. But, during the reign of usurpation, of impiety, and cruelty, it would be desirable, that all intercourse between the countries should be inhibited, or rendered difficult. For in every rightly disciplined mind, there must be a natural association betwixt the horrors of the French revolution, and the stage on which they were acted. A good man must begin to suspect that all was not right within him, when he perceived any pleasurable feeling amid scenes, which conjured up such sad recollections; if he could behold the tapestries of the Louvre,* and not trace spots of blood in its richest lineaments: if his imagination was not startled by phantoms of murdered royalty, while he was wandering amid the

* Cicero's invective against the infamous Master of the Horse, will supply us with words to convey our detestation against the usurper of the Thuilleries.—"*Oh audaciam immanem: tu etiam ingredi illam domum ausus es! tu illud sanctissimum limen intrare? tu illarum ædium diis penatibus os importunissimum ostendere? Quam domum aliquandiu nemo aspicere possit, nemo sine lachrymis præterire, hâc te in domo diversari non pudet? In quâ, quamvis nihil sapias, tamen nihil tibi potest esse jucundum. An tu illo in vestibulo rostra, spatia cum adspexisti, domum tuam te introire putas? Fieri non potest. Necesse est, quamvis sis violentus et furens, cum tibi objecta sit species singularis viri, perterritum te de somno excitari, furere etiam sæpe vigilantem. Me quidem miseret parietum ipsarum.*"——Cic. in M. Anton. Philip 2.

palaces, once inhabited by legitimate sovereignty, and now turned into the stye of an unlawful, low-bred usurpation; if he could survey the rich and fertile plains of that once happy country, and not feel, that its very verdure was freshened by untimely death, and its vegetation quickened by the putrifying remains of those, who fell under the fury and fanaticism of its revolutionary tyrants. These decent sensibilities would be soon destroyed, were our youth to visit such a country as the land of gaiety and amusement; and, what is to be most dreaded, by insensible gradations from indifference to esteem, the wholesome hatred of the monsters who govern there, would be eradicated from our bosoms.

From such reflections, I turn with satisfaction to the indications of zeal and public spirit, which every hour is augmenting, and bringing into the grand armoury of resources, which we have to oppose against the insolent tyrant, who threatens us. Nor can I dissemble, that this satisfaction is redoubled, when the very symptoms of our national disease and debility have only stimulated us into

stronger health and vigour. For we are a commercial nation, and while the wealth of the world was flowing through our veins, we could not but feel some of the effects of that plethora of abundance, in which other states have lost the robust and manly virtues, by which states are upheld and defended. In this hour of peril, these symptoms were anxiously watched by the lovers of their country. Traversing over the annals of the world, they observed, how seldom the wealth which tempted profligate ambition, could be erected into a security against it. But this gloomy inference, though suggested by the unerring voice of history itself, must now be disowned by every man, who has witnessed the recent display of opulent patriotism in defence of the country. It has proved, that the higher and better parts of the public character have not merged in the close and steady pursuit of gain, which is not alive to public and political danger. Wealth is for the most part unarmed ; it trembles for the preservation of that, which it is too avaricious to purchase the means of defending. It is that golden image, which, while it draws mankind from the rightful worship of their country, crum-

bles into pieces beneath the spears and clubs of the barbarians. Now, almost for the first time in the history of nations, it has become, what it has often been said to be, "the nerves and sinews of war;" strengthening in its turn, the state from which it derives its existence, and to which it owes its protection. Money has now acquired a new value; it is exchanged for products of courage, and of patriotism; it buys what it never purchased before, the spirit of a sacred enthusiasm, in defence of the dearest institutions of civil and social life. Wealth has now lost its natural improvidence, and administers to its own conservation. It has now found its proper rank and order, in the scale of the public resources; below public spirit, military vigour, national honour, and martial activities. The love of gain, the slow, unwieldy, and quiescent habitudes of mercantile life, have given place and precedency to the fierce and heroic virtues. The mind of the country is emancipated from the desk, and the counting-house; timid, wary, and circumspect calculations of profit are wholly lost and overwhelmed in bustling, restless apprehensions of danger, and in a lofty and sullen indignation at the

enemy, who has "frightened us from our propriety." Never ought the sentiments strongly and eloquently enforced by the gentleman*, who addressed the grave commercial multitude of London, representing the authority and public voice of the most opulent part of the empire, to be forgotten. They are genuine truths, having their fixed foundation in the nature of things, of which the universal impression on the heart of the country, will long preserve us from the decrepitude of commercial states, which have frequently fallen beneath the weight of their opulence.

Such, however, is the character of this contest, that the demands of the country on affluence, to assist in its own preservation, are not more imperious, than those it enforces, upon the poorest and most destitute member of the English community. The blasts, under which the forests groan, will tear up the lowliest shrubs. Poverty itself would be left desolate by the triumph of French arms on British land. This severest among the inflictions

* Jacob Bosanquet, Esq.

of Heaven, is yet susceptible of many bitter and unknown aggravations, which that triumph would soon unfold. A poor man in a free country, has something of which he may be plundered. There are stores of solace and of complacency spread before him, which are out of the reach of fortune. He has a sort of property in the verdure of the land, which is fresh and green to his eyes ; in the breeze, which cheers and refreshes him, and in the endless prodigalities, which nature has poured upon his native soil. But the very verdure of the earth, would sicken and languish to his eyes ; the breath of Heaven would be an infected vapour to his senses, and God's earth, a barren and burning sand to his feet, under the pollution of French domination. The coarsest fare, which his low place in human conditions has compelled him to eat, is sweetness itself, compared to the bread, which is moistened by the tears of servitude and dependence. These are the interests which the poorest wretch that crawls among us, has to defend ; connected indeed with the interests of social life, of blood, of consanguinity, which he

has in common with those, that are blest with the goods, from which he is excluded. Feeling the force of these affections, he will be ashamed of feeding within his bosom, sensations of a low and selfish discontent at this awful hour of his country's need. Whatever demagogue, the orator of a tavern, dishonouring his rank and station, and the country, which protects them, may tell him, that he has no interest in its defence, his refutation of such contemptible sophisms, will be prompted by the sacred pledges of contribution to the public service, and share in the public danger, which he has deposited, in common with the proudest and richest man in the community.

Such is the strength, which the pride, and valour of the nation, will conjure up. Yet, who would seek to bound the spirit of generous sacrifice, to the petty, and ignoble purposes of self-preservation? Who is there, that would deal out the overflowing treasury of ardent effort, and enflamed zeal, by the laws of a selfish economy? Who would check, and discourage, as it were, this

produce of public sentiment, by restricting it to the narrow market of a mere internal consumption? Restrictions, and prohibitions, would overlay, and extinguish the very principles of its growth. But, if we go on, with the constancy that belongs to noble and heroic pursuits, the lines of circumvallation, thrown up for our own safety, will not arrest our progress. The spirit of enterprize, nursed and cherished within our own territory, will expand, (for such is the nature of public spirit) into a generous sympathy for the subverted nations around us; whose grandeur must still live in our memories, and whose existence was once considered necessary to our own. Nor is this the exchange of self-preservation for purposes foreign and extrinsic to it; but self-preservation, itself, largely and liberally pursued. Having repelled the hostile incursion from our own shores, even then peace will not be arrived to us. We cannot lay aside our arms, and return to our old quiescent habitudes, confident that the enemy who is forced to suspend, has altogether deposited his designs, to undo us. In the delusion of a vain security, we

must not forget the wisdom, which has been taught us, by the experience of ages crowded into years. Never can we dream even of peace, during the existence of a republic of robbers, whose exchequer is fed by daily spoil, and whose army looks for its donative, in the plunder of invaded countries. It were folly mingled with presumption, to trust to any amity, so hollow and precarious, as that which must be formed with a state radically, and essentially hostile; and little can we profit from the exchange of violent irruption for the unceasing warfare of menace, and of irritation. It would be blasphemy against a righteous cause, not to assert, without disguise or affectation, that the common danger of Europe can only be averted, by the extirpation of that, which exists only for its common destruction.

Revolutions, indeed, may happen in the sovereignty of that country, and new generals, and captains, profiting of some transient convulsion, may seize the government. Some new adventurer may purchase it at the usual price of crime and

bloodshed. But the same trade will be carried on under its new firm, upheld by its old capital of fraud and injustice. Those, whom it has pleased the king of Great Britain, to entrust with the administration of its resources, have, therefore, a high responsibility cast upon them. No common obligation, no every-day duty has devolved to them; but the task of guiding, and leading on the spirit, which has been lighted up in every corner of this happy kingdom, till its contagion is diffused among the rest of the European common-wealth; till it has awakened the prostrate members of it, to a zeal for their own preservation, and bound them in one common society of resentments, against their common destroyer. The office is deputed to them, of checking insolent ambition; of invigorating affrightened nations, of upholding ancient principalities. They must take care, lest the public spirit be quenched, by selfish aims, and subordinate purposes: lest the public resources be worse than squandered away, by the expenditure of great funds on little objects. To be parsimonious of the general zeal in such times, were the worst of pro-

digalities. There are periods in our history, full of authority for this holy interposition. Under that heroic monarch, who had restored our own liberties, we entered into a protracted and expensive war, to restore the liberties of Europe. We were not encumbered with the selfish ambition of our own deliverance, but proceeded onward to an higher object; that of assisting the universal cause of nations, overlooking our own losses, and discomfitures, and erecting our minds to the hope of an usurious payment in the glory of the enterprize. The dangers which threatened the general independence, were indeed great, under the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth. Out of those dangers arose the obligation of supporting the general cause. But if the duty is augmented in proportion to the evils, which give birth to it, what must be the obligation imposed upon us, who have witnessed the peril of the present times? Those were high storms of ambition, which did much mischief, but at last subsided, and spent their fury. The projects of Lewis were adventitious, and accidental to the government he administered. The

evils that now desolate the world, are essential to the very state of things, that is established in France; not precarious, and accidental, but inherent in its settled frame and system of policy, and one of the conditions of its existence. Nor shall we have advanced one step to our own safety, till this, the source of the mischief be stopped up. Every other security, is weakness; every triumph short of this, is defeat.



Bristol: Printed by Fenley and Sheppard.